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T. R. WALTON, — — — Business Manager
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THE FATE OF THE JAMES GANG.

"THE WAGONS OF SIN IS DEATH."
Time makes all things even, "tis said and none know this better than the friends and acquaintances of the gang of plunderers known as the James boys and Youngers. To be sure it has taken a good deal of patience and many lives have been sacrificed, but in the end the majority of the men who for years lived in open defiance of the law have been made to feel its power and are now either dead or in the penitentiary.

Every man named in the following list was at one time a friend, abettor and associate of the James boys and known in connection with Missouri train and bank robberies.

Bud McDaniel was one of the gang who robbed the Kansas Pacific train at Muncie, seven miles from Kansas City. He was arrested on Main St., Kansas City and for safe keeping was taken to Lawrence, Kansas, where he broke jail. Being hunted to the woods he was at last shot by a German farmer and died in the Lawrence jail.

Thompson McDaniel was also a Muncie train robber, with his brother. He assisted in the robbery of the Huntington, W. Va., bank and was shot and killed while fleeing from the officers.

Cole, Jim and Bob Younger were in numerous train robberies and at Northfield, Minn., were captured and are now serving life sentences in the Stillwater penitentiary.

Chas. Pitts, Bill Chadwell and Clell Miller went from Missouri after the Otterville train robbery, on the Missouri Pacific, and were killed at the time of the Northfield bank robbery.

Hobbs Kerr was one of the "green-horns" engaged in the Otterville train robbery on the Missouri Pacific road in 1876. He was sent to the penitentiary for ten years.

Clarence Hite, a cousin of Jesse James, was both at the Winston and Blue Cut robberies. He was betrayed by Bob Ford, arrested in Tennessee, plead guilty and was sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty five years.

Wood Hite was at the Glendale, Winston and Blue Cut robberies, and at Glendale was the mysterious "Bob" at that time going under the name of Robert Grimes. After Blue Cut he fled to Kentucky, killed an officer and returned to Ray county, Mo., where in turn he was killed by Bob Ford and Dick Lillard.

Ed. Miller, whose brother was killed at Northfield, joined Jesse James in 1877. He was at the first Glendale robbery and in the spring of 1881 was murdered by Jesse James while asleep.

Bill Ryan was arrested in Tennessee and brought back to Jackson county and tried for robbing the Chicago & Alton train at Glendale and is now serving a twenty five year's sentence.

Tucker Beaham was also a Glendale train robber, but was paroled that his testimony might be used to convict Ryan. He is supposed to have been killed near Great Bend, Kas., by a member of Jesse James' gang before the latter's death.

Dick Lillard was raised in Jackson county and joined Jesse James in 1877. He took part in the three following train robberies and at Winston with Clarence Hite, crawled out upon the engine and fired some shots into the cab. He surrendered to Sheriff Timberlake in January, 1882 and his subsequent history is familiar to all. He is now awaiting trial for the Mussel Shoals robbery at Huntsville, Ala.

Charles Ford made his debut as a train robber at Blue Cut and was present at St. Joseph when his brother shot and killed Jesse James.

Jack Keene was arrested for participating in the Huntington, W. Va., bank robbery when Thomp. McDaniel was killed. He is only known by his alias, Jack Keene, and is serving a fourteen year's sentence.

George Shepherd was one of the gang who robbed the Russellville, Ky., bank in 1868 and being arrested served his sentence in State's prison. In 1879 he claimed to have shot Jesse James in the back of the head, but the story was false, as has been proven. Shepherd is now living in Kansas City.

Frank James, since the war, has been an able second to his brother Jesse, and in all the bank and train robberies, the two clung to each other. At Northfield, where Miller,

Pitts and Chadwell were killed and the three Youngers captured, Jesse and Frank only escaped, Frank being badly wounded. He was tied upon a horse by Jesse and for 400 miles the two were followed by detectives, but finally threw their pursuers off the trail. He is now in jail at Jefferson City, Mo.

Jim Cummings formerly lived in Clay county, but about 1870 began stealing horses, and then drifted into the James gang. He was at the first Glendale robbery, but not at Winston or Blue Cut.

Andy McGuire was arrested in Jackson county for participating in the Richmond bank robbery and taken to that point. One night a mob took him from the jail and hanged him to a tree.

Dick Burns was at the Richmond bank robbery and was killed about two miles from Independence while resisting arrest.

Ol' Shepherd was with his brother at the time of the Russellville bank robbery. He fled to Missouri, and was killed near Lee's Summit by detectives.

Jack Bishop was one of the gang, and when he fled to Colorado he killed an officer, and is now a fugitive from justice.

Dora Fox was wanted for the Richmond robbery, and in trying to arrest him the officers killed his brother, who was also a member of the band.

Payne Jones was one of the terror of Jackson county. Jim Crow Chiles had an idea that he was going to steal his horses and killed him.

Jim Crow Chiles had a dispute in the streets of Independence and was shot and killed by a young man with whose father he (Chiles) was arguing.

Arch Clements was one of Jess James' intimate companions and Archie Saucier, killed the night a hand grenade was thrown into Mrs. Samuels' house by Pinkerton's detectives, was named for him. Clements was killed while fleeing from the Richmond bank robbery.

George Todd, one of Quantrell's most fearless and bloodthirsty men, was killed near Independence during Price's raid by federal soldiers.

Jim Anderson and Hedge Reynolds were chased from Clay county to Texas, and shot down like dogs by the officers of the Lamo Star State.

Bill Anderson was at both the Liberty and Richmond robberies, and at Glendale was the mysterious "Bob" at that time going under the name of Robert Grimes. After Blue Cut he returned to Ray county and was killed near Richmond.

Jim Inman was as fearless and desperate a man as Quantrell, had his command. He escaped from Missouri with Frank James, Jim Younger and Quantrell, and was killed in Kentucky.

C. W. Quantrell, the noted guerrilla, murderer and robber, started from the Blackwater on his raid into Kansas at the time Lawrence was sacked and over 100 citizens murdered. Frank James accompanied him, but Jesse did not join the gang until late in the fall of 1863. Quantrell was killed in Kentucky.

John Younger, the eldest of the famous brothers, was shot and killed by Capt. Lull of Pinkerton's agency. Lull in return was ridled with buckshot and afterwards died.

Last of all comes Jesse James, who for nearly twenty years terrorized this section of the continent, to be betrayed and finally killed by Robert Ford, a boy not yet of age. Jesse James made both Robert and Charlie Ford what they are, and for three years made their home the rendezvous.

A PROTECTION FROM FROSTS.—A cold snap usually comes in early autumn, after which there are weeks of the finest days in the year. It therefore pays to take some pains to protect the more tender plants during two or three or four frosty nights, that their bloom may be enjoyed afterwards. A light sheet, or even newspaper spread over beds of geraniums, coleus, etc., will save them. A group of cannae may in this way be kept in its beauty, while, if left unprotected, the luxuriant growth is cut down by the frost and soon becomes unsightly. Any one who has gone to all the care and toil of bringing a fine bed of tender plants to perfection, should certainly use every precaution to preserve the plants as long as possible.

Farmer's boots, when damp, as they often will be in winter, and taken off at night, will often shrink in drying and be very stiff and difficult to put on in the morning. If the boots, when taken off, are filled with oats, this will prevent shrinking and they will dry in their proper shape.

WILLIAM AUSTIN EXPIATES HIS CRIME
After Making a Confession of His Cruel Murder.

And Exorts Against Whisky-Drinking and Evil Companions.

The Greatest Man that Ever Met an Ignoble Death.

(From INTERIOR JOURNAL Extra of Friday afternoon, October 11.)

As some of our readers may not know or have forgotten the history of the case, we give the following summary of The Crime.

(On the afternoon of the 29th of last January, the citizens of Garrison—not yet recovered from the effects of the Wilmette tragedy of a few days before—were shocked to learn that Miss Betsy Bland, an old maid of 85 years, who lived with her brother, Joseph Bland, 1½ miles from Lancaster, had been cruelly murdered in her own room. Mr. Bland had gone to town and William Austin, a grand-nephew of his and the murdered woman, had left as he did for Herring's distillery, where he remained till about 4 p. m. and until he had gotten outside of a quantity of the new liquor. This was the last seen of him till he met a party of men in the road near his aunt's home and informed them that some one had killed her. Left to believe such a story, they were finally induced to go to the house, where they were horrified to see the old body lying on the floor in a pool of her own blood, with several deep gashes from an ax on her head and face and another on the neck which severed the vertebra, any one of which would have been fatal. Without disturbing the body, which was still warm, the men hastened back to town and informed Sheriff J. M. Higginbotham and Marshal Singleton, who went at once to the scene. Suspicion had already been directed to Austin as the murderer, and when, on a little closer scrutiny, stains of blood were found on his pants and boots, he was immediately arrested, and during the Coroner's inquest, which was held that night by Squire Boyle, made several ineffectual attempts to escape. The inquest adjourned without a verdict at 10 o'clock, and Austin was taken to jail till the following morning, when it was resumed. Further examination of the body showed that the face bore numerous imprints of a boot heel, as if the wretch had stamped her name in her death throes. Austin's boot heel not only had blood on it, but a number of gray hairs which compared exactly with the hair of the dead woman. The chain of circumstantial evidence was now so complete that the last idea that he was innocent was dispelled and he was taken back to jail, and had no course refused. The excitement over the affair was at its height, and threats and loud were made of lynching the prisoner, but upon promise that the case should be tried at the court then about to convene, it was given up. Twice during the term was the case continued to give the defense further time, and finally Judge Owles fixed a special term for the trial of the case, to begin February 13th. It was commenced that day and a jury obtained after 150 men had been examined. The evidence adduced at the inquest was strengthened and corroborated, and at 9 p. m. Friday night the jury returned a verdict that Austin was guilty and fixed Austin's punishment at death. With the indifference that had characterized him since the murder, he said with a smile: "Well, it's no use to cry over it. But I want every man on that jury to be at the hanging—I want to talk to him. The execution was fixed for April 18, but his attorneys filed some 30 odd exceptions and took the case to the Court of Appeals. This stayed the execution and in June the County Judge fearing that efforts would be made to release or mishandle Austin, was ordered to be taken to Richmond for safe keeping. Hearing this, he borrowed a razor from a fellow prisoner and made an ineffectual attempt to kill himself, but it hurt so badly that he stopped after severing the outer jugular vein and he was taken up the same day, where he has been held till Thursday last.

The Execution

LANCASTER, Oct. 13.—Three thousand people, embracing women and little children are crowded here to get a glimpse of the legal neck breaking of William Austin for the murder of his grand aunt. The gallows is situated in the rear of the jail and as it stands higher than the plank fence that encloses it, all will be able to see. When we arrive a little before twelve, the word passes through the crowd that the condemned has made a confession to his spiritual advisers Revs. R. R. Noel and J. R. Peoples. Showing our ticket, we pass the line of heavily armed guards and are soon in the presence of the doomed man. He is standing at his cell door and extends his hand for a cordial shake. After a few irrelevant remarks, we ask him if he has made a confession. He says he has and will repeat it to every body from the scaffold after dinner. At the suggestion of some newspaper men he agrees to let it be taken down now. It is in his own words follows:

This is my dying CONFESSION. I told nother my aunt Betsy Bland, on the 20th of last January. Whisky was the sole cause of it. I had nothing in the world against her; I had no enmity in the world to kill her. I loved her like a mother. She has always been as a mother to me. I am 25 years old. I did not rob her or take any money or other things from her. When I got home from the still house I saw the ax at the wood pile and then the awful thought came over me to take it and kill my great aunt. I did take it and when I got into her room, she was sitting at the fire knitting. I sat down near the fire and several minutes thereafter I arose with the ax and struck her with the sharp edge of it. This is all I recollect about the killing. I have no excuse on earth to offer for this fearful deed. I want my fate to be

Going Home at Last.

They were sitting in the waiting room of the depot together—the dapper little man who looked as though he might be a commercial traveler, and the great rough fellow, whose cowhide boots, shaggy garments and broad, brown Mexican hat, told that he was fresh from some semi-civilized region in the West. The Westerner sat looking out of the window upon the dreary confusion of tracks, switches, frogs and snorting freight engines. Just at this moment he seemed like a man without a friend in the world, and out of pure sympathy the commercial traveler attempted to strike up conversation.

"Got long to wait?" he asked in a friendly tone.

"Bout an hour," was the short answer.

"Going far?"

"Night unto a hundred mile back into the kentry."

"Yes, where?"

"Stranger, I'm going home. Home."

"So! Been away long?"

"Bout ten years."

"Ten years, and now you are going home! Well, that's pleasant. I know I'm only away about a month at a time, yet when I come back I'm as happy as a goosling in a sun-shower. Fact, you wouldn't think I'm sentimental, yet when I'm on my way home the cars never seem to go fast enough, and I can't think of anything but home, home, all the time I'm there. My, but I'd like to be in your shoes for a short time, just to feel how happy you must be. Folk all well, I suppose?"

"Stranger, I'm going back to be at my mother's funeral; it's ten years, ten long, long years since I saw her last, and then I went away saying I never wanted to see her again. I did that to my mother. But I was not much more than boy then, and I didn't know what I was doing. It was my mother, but I am not to be blamed too harshly. And after I went away I never sent a letter home—not one, but I always meant to. She used to write me such heart-breaking letters that I, great rough miner that I was, couldn't keep the tears back. You see, I didn't write because I was always a thinking that I would soon strike it rich, and then I would go home and just show the old folks what money and ease was, but—but stranger, I put it off too long; I was going home next week. I was going to surprise 'em, and I had enough money to make their old age comfortable, but stranger, she went home before I did."

And he wiped his horney, sun-brown'd hand across his eyes. There was silence for a few minutes then he continued:

"Don't think worse of me for that, stranger; I may be a man grown, but I can't keep tears out of my eyes; they will come. You see I was the youngest. I was the baby, her boy, she used to call me; and when I grow up I wanted to see the world, to see life, but she wanted me to stay at home, and I was hot-headed, and—I went away, but I always dreamed of coming back, and here, when I was ready, it was too late. Ah! stranger, I can't help it," and the returned miner bowed his head on his hands and was silent.

But the other said nothing. There was a lump in his throat prevented, and as he looked toward the window he made a pretense of wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, but it was only to conceal the moisture that came unbidden in his eyes.

If Mr. Folger is able to run for the coveted office with the heavy load of fraud which his friends have put on his shoulders, he is a stronger man than we think, or as some one says, "a locomotive in two cars." The religious papers are dissecting him, the moral sense of the community repudiates him and the chances are that he will go down "as though he were suddenly taken with a desire to see the roots of the grass." —[N. Y. Herald.

Mrs. Lizzie Walley, convicted at Nashville, Little Rock, Mobile, Montgomery, and New Orleans.

She has been a model citizen, a good wife and mother, and has always been popular in her community.

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When the Lover May Speak.

As a rule, a delicate woman does not think of a man as a lover, or even know whether she could care for him in that capacity or not, until she has received some impression of his special interest in her. Then she begins to consider him. Does a long talk with him bore or delight him? Does she find herself talking to him freely, or entertaining him with an effort? Is the festive occasion from which he is absent robbed of some portion of its brightness? Does she "see his face all faces among," catch his voice, though a dozen are speaking? Then, unconsciously, do her cheeks begin to glow at his coming. In her eyes smiles a welcome, timid, yet weak; and the reverent, waiting lover may speak safely, for his time has come. So says a gushing exchange; but, as things go no-s-days, the young man may speak as soon as he likes, provided his addresses are backed by a handsome bank account, and the girl knows it to be so.

A Chicago paper reports that Gen. Phil Sheridan receives an average of 1,200 invitations a year to attend public gatherings as a lion, but never goes to any thing of the sort except army reunions, where he can have a good time with the boys." This is sharking. If this country paya Phil a big salary to be an ornament and give tone to club and public dinners, why doesn't he do it?

RICHMOND

PLANNING MILLS!

I have recently opened in Richmond a large and complete Planning Mill, and am prepared to furnish every kind of

BUILDERS' MATERIAL!

— INCLINED —

WEATHERBOARDING, FLOORING,

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, LATHE,

SHINGLES, MOULDINGS, STAIR-

WAYS, &c.

As well as articles such as the above, articles can be bought in Louisville, Cincinnati, or other wholesale houses, I am sure I can make it to you advantage to patronize home institutions. I am also a practical

ARCHITECT,

And am prepared to furnish designs and estimates for buildings and all kinds of scroll work.

That I am doing no small business, can be judged from the fact that my bank account runs from \$10,000 to \$15,000 per month.

Contracting and building done promptly and at living prices. Address C. N. STAFFORD.

CONDENSED TIME.

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE

RAILROAD LINE.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

MARCH 1, 1882.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, - October 13, 1882

W. P. WALTON. - - - EDITOR

The hanging of William Austin, an account of which is given at length in other columns, was a most successful operation and Sheriff J. M. Higginbotham deserves praise for the excellent manner in which every detail was arranged and carried out. There was no bungling. He did every thing in a quiet manner and displayed almost as much nerve as the unfortunate man whom he launched so smoothly into eternity. The courage with which Austin met his terrible death can only be attributed either to the fact that his mind was not capable of comprehending his doom or that he was possessed of a certain amount of bull dog courage, which he was anxious to display to an admiring crowd. We rather lean to the former hypothesis, and while we think he was responsible and ought to have atoned for his sin, he was not as fully accountable as the average man. The fact that he kept his secret so inviolable till two hours of his death shows he had considerable will power, however, and his case is therefore the harder to understand. There is one thing certain, if he had not confessed his crime, a great many people would have believed him innocent, but as it was, there was a general impression that his death was deserved. It was a fearful ending of a misspent life and his awful fate should warn those who are following in his footsteps, of the rocks on which his bark was stranded—whisky and evil companions. The law has been most fully vindicated and we trust his death may not be vain. When murderers are taught that death alone is their portion, we may look for a better state of affairs and not till then.

A few weeks ago, a drunken fellow named Richie shot and killed a brakeman named Carson, while the latter's train was passing Walton, Ky., for no cause whatever, save as he afterwards expressed it, "I felt a desire to shoot and I shot." No one thought otherwise than that the cold-blooded and confessed murderer would pay the penalty of his deed with his neck, but at his trial at Burlington last week and which ended on Friday, a jury bought up no doubt, acquitted him on the ground of "accidental shooting." There was hardly ever before so great a parody on justice and if the evidence be as we have heard, Judge Lynch should teach both murderer and jury that his law shall be respected, if the civil law is ignored.

In view of the rapid spread of speculation in insurance, L. C. Norman, Commissioner of Kentucky, has issued a circular warning all persons against acting as agents of these fraudulent and illegal concerns in this State, under the penalty imposed by the insurance laws, of fine and imprisonment, if not paid, or conviction by a court of competent jurisdiction. The concerns referred to are the Birthday, Matrimonial and Endowment Companies, that are growing rich in other States by fleecing the gullible suckers.

The primary election in the Seventh District resulted, of course, in a victory for Joe Blackburn, but we are surprised that Owens made no better race. He got swelled under by 5,000 votes, and it will be some time before he can "rise and come again." An ovation was tendered Blackburn at Lexington in the shape of a torch-light procession, that was an immense affair. Blackburn is solid, sure, in the Seventh and in a great measure deserves all the good opinions of him.

The Congressional delegation from Ohio will stand 13 democrats to 8 republicans, the latter having counted out a democrat by eight votes after conceding his election by 850. The democrats will contest that and two other such cases with strong hopes of success.

THURSDAY last was the 390th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, but we never would have thought of it had not the Italians of New York celebrated it with a grand picnic.

After making all the political capital out of it they could, Tilden's enemies have had the income tax case dismissed in the U. S. Supreme Court.

New Orleans Minstrels.

The New Orleans Minstrels which performed at Durley Hall on Monday evening had one of the best bands which has ever visited our city. Several of the members are fine soloists on their respective instruments. [Bloomington Daily Bulletin, Mar. 12, 1882.]

It is no trouble now to get bets that the democrats will not only control the next House, but will elect Cleveland in New York, Paterson in Pennsylvania, and Ben Butler in Massachusetts. Indiana is counted solid for the democracy.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Reported business failures for the last week, one hundred and twelve.

Congressman W. M. Lowe, of Alabama, is dead. He was a democrat.

Landed property of Egyptian rebel leaders, to the value of \$10,000,000 will be confiscated.

Hellgate, N. Y., is to be lighted by electricity from a tower two hundred and fifty feet high.

Diphtheria is raging in some parts of Virginia. In Pittsylvania county, alone, over 200 have died, among them twenty pupils of one school.

Samuel J. Randall telegraphs that a careful canvass of the State of Pennsylvania just completed, shows that it will go democratic next month.

There were sixty-four new cases of yellow fever at Pensacola Sunday and 3 deaths. Since the scourge began there have been 1,007 cases and 140 deaths.

The distillery firm of Samuel Clegg, & Co., of Lexington, made an assignment; liabilities \$104,000. The establishment will pay about 50 cents on the dollar.

Paul Pringle, at Mansfield, La., was the other man that went with Wm. Austin via the Kemp route to glory Friday. He was a negro, and had attempted murder and robbery.

The new Court-house at Lexington has been let to a Pittsburgh firm for \$10,000.

The work of tearing down the present old shelling will not begin till December 1, the more's the pity.

Jim Bailey, charged with stealing 128 head of cattle at a pop, near Marshalltown, Iowa, was arrested in Virginia, after a pistol duel with a Deputy Sheriff, in which Bailey received three wounds.

The great house of Vogeler & Sons (St. Jacob's Oil manufacturers), at Baltimore, was closed by the senior partner yesterday, owing to legal complications arising on the death of Mr. Charles Vogeler.

The jury in the case against Frank Steele, for shooting and killing Gip Welch at Versailles, returned a verdict of murder, fixing his punishment at imprisonment for life.

Grounds for a new trial have been filed. P. R. Thompson, Sr., was of counsel for the defense.

Although Lexington has twelve daily and weekly papers, another is to be added, the *Penny Post*. It will be edited by C. C. Moore, philosopher, poet, traveler, humorist and critic, and will oppose the liquor traffic, horse-racing, trap-shooting, prize-fighting, lottery-dealing, cock-fighting, the social evil, *et cetera*.

The mortgage debt of the L. & N. R. R. is \$58,117,778. The corporation owns in fee 1,577.95 miles of road; of these under lease 262.17 miles—also 188.88 miles making a total of 2,023 miles. Besides these roads it controls and operates other lines, as follows: 564 miles exclusively and 641 miles jointly with the Central Railroad of Georgia.

The Sheriff of Laclede county, Mo., R. P. Goodale, killed Bob Taylor, Friday morning, in attempting to arrest him, a few miles from Lebanon, on board a passenger train. Taylor was one of the three brothers who murdered the Sheriff and Deputy Sheriff of Hamilton county Tennessee, on the 14th of September last. It is said \$16,000 reward was offered for the arrest of the men.

Col. A. W. Slayback, a prominent criminal lawyer and politician of St. Louis was shot and killed Friday evening in the office of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, by the managing editor of that paper, Mr. John A. Cockerill, formerly of Cincinnati. It seems, according to the *Post-Dispatch*, Col. Slayback, in a public speech on Thursday evening, violently abused the managers of the paper, and in retaliation the *Post-Dispatch* published the card of a young St. Louis publisher branding Col. Slayback as a coward. Col. Slayback, in company with a friend, went to Mr. Cockerill's office, for the purpose, it is supposed, of having personal satisfaction, and with the results as before stated. Cockerill is in custody and says his shot was merely in self-defense.

GARRARD COUNTY.

Byronville.

—There was great satisfaction among the people that Austin confessed his awful crime and did not die with a lie on his lips.

The grinding which has been low for some time has taken a new lease on life, the water mill and the unceasing creek of the "lakes" mill can now be heard at all times.

Mr. M. P. Hutchinson and family, also Miss Ella Doores, are visiting at Pevon Parke's. Miss Mollie Stone has gone to New York for a week's visit. "Smashing hearts as usual."

Mrs. Ike Wilson has been very low with pneumonia but is recovering. Mr. Mari Runyon and wife who have been visiting relatives here for three months, leave for Dacotah, their home to-day.

Austin's funeral was presided by Rev. R. E. Noel on Saturday, at 10 o'clock, and his remains interred in the ground adjoining the First Church. His grave is in full view of the road, and we hope will be a constant reminder to the inebriate, of white and the awful deeds it leads to.

We attended the family reunion of Mrs. Ella Doores, at Lancaster, on Friday last. Mrs. Doores was 81 years of age and all her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren were present, excepting Messrs. H. T. Noel, Sr. and Jr. There were present 39 guests including relatives and friends. Mrs. Doores received a great many presents from her friends. A splendid dinner was prepared, and was heartily enjoyed.

Hogs are still dying. Wm. Collier has lost about twenty. Mr. Collier bought these hogs at about 8 cents. Ben Robinson shipped to Cincinnati two car loads of fat hogs, the best bunch in this part of the country. At the sale of Ira Williamson everything sold high. Horses brought from \$30 to \$80; cows, \$20 to \$40; calves, \$12 to \$22; wheat in bin, 80 cents; corn in field, \$1.40 per barrel. Tom Shearer sold to

—Silent of Jessamine, a work mare for \$110. Tom Stone sold an extra steer for \$25.

A band of horse thieves came into this neighborhood Friday night and stole a mare from Mr. Adams, one from James Dunn and one from MacLennan and two from other parties in Lancaster. They

took also a pony from Mr. Adams but left it at Gill's and took his instead. They took Jas. Hill's saddle and bridle. About two weeks ago horse thieves, a white man and negro were followed by a party from this town and made to abandon a mare and mule colt, also a horse. The horses have since been proven and owners took them away. The gang of Friday night are supposed to be the same. They deserve a dose of Austin's medicine badly.

Paint Lick.

—David C. Pullins sent to Michigan last Spring for 3 mammoth Pearl Irish potatoes and he raised from this number 2 bushels.

We find in our rambles the past two weeks in portions of Madison and Garrard counties, that the cholera is very destructive among the hogs in several neighborhoods.

—At the sale of James H. Stephens in Madison county, near Paint Lick, the following prices were obtained: Milk cow, \$12 to \$52; horses, \$28 to \$102; sheep, \$5.50 per head; corn in field, \$1.30 per barrel.

J. C. Rucker has sold a half interest in his team flouring mill to Wm. Smith, of Madison county, for \$3,75. R. B. Ward has sold his house and lot in this village to R. M. Argo, for \$1,100. Mrs. Emma Montgomery sold to Wm. Smith, of Madison, her house and lot for \$1,800.

We learn that the R. R. Co. has compromised with Sells Bros. for the recent wreck here at the sum of \$10,000; they also settled with all the wounded by paying them from \$50 to \$275 each; the R. R. Co. paying their board, medical attention and nurse until they are able to go to their homes. All the wounded have left for their homes except two, and they are getting well. The R. R. Co. also furnish them with free passes to their respective homes.

—PERSONAL.—Miss Alice Ward returned to her home at Livingston, last week, after a pleasant visit to friends and relatives in this vicinity. Capt. Remen F. Scott and family left last Monday for Missouri, where they will make their future home. We regret to give the Captain up, as he was a good and worthy citizen. Samuel Purcell and family, of Rockcastle, have recently moved to the Jno. W. Boatright farm next Paint Lick. Miss Lillie Arnold, of Lancaster, is visiting friends in the village.

BOYLE COUNTY.

Danville.

MAHRIAKE.

At noon to-morrow, Wednesday, Oct. 18th, Miss Nannie T. Jones, daughter of D. W. Jones, will be married at her father's residence in Danville, to Mr. Charles Gaitkill, of Mt. Sterling, Ky. Mrs. Kitty Hope, wife of James Hope was

BURNED.

In Danville on Saturday..... A Mrs. McCarthy from near the High Bridge, who was killed by the cars was buried here on Sunday afternoon..... At Shelby City in this county, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week was held the annual TEACHERS INSTITUTE.

Rev. Robt. Caldwell the Commissioner, conducted the services with Miss Nannie Serugham, as Secretary..... A Mr. Hervey, representing John P. Morton's publishing house, and W. C. Grinstead, representing Van Antwerp, Brigg & Co., of Cincinnati, offered prizes in spelling. The winners were Tom E. Cieland and W. E. Grubbs, the Advocate correspondent from Shelby City. Each missed one word, though the Institute generally understands that Grubbs missed two..... Warren Russell lost, by death, his fine black mare on Saturday night. Only a few months ago his large training stable was burned and several horses lost. Misfortune like grapes come in clusters. All who have attended the fairs in this section will remember his mare as one of peculiar beauty. She was a

VALUABLE ANIMAL.

and has taken many premiums..... Mr. A. A. Bonner, son of Robt. Bonner of New York, accompanied by Mr. Hamilton Hooley, was in Danville last week looking at some Boyle county bray horses, but made no purchases..... The D. & D. Institute is having erected a large WIND MILL.

Near the Tompkins property. The mill is constructed for the purpose of supplying water for the buildings and is 75 feet high.

ROBE WALKER.

In barbaric brilliancy of costume has been amusing the populace for several days in Danville. At a dizzy height he walks with his feet in baskets, in a hoop, trudges a wheelbarrow and sits in a chair, etc., under him and intently watching, on Friday were three doctors (M. D.'s). Noticing the coincidence they looked about them to see standing near the Undertaker. Ha!

THE PLOT THICKENS.

Enter grave digger, conjuring up a reverie of the future to the sound of applause.

PERSONAL.

Ed Rowland and wife of Chillicothe, are now in Danville for a two weeks' visit. Col. C. E. Bowman, of Frankfort, is here.

Jno. A. Bogie of Ilionville, a fellow scribbler for the INTERIOR, took in the town on Monday. Billy Key Mason and family of Lancaster, visited Danville on Monday. Miss Mattie Denny, of Garrard, is in town with Mrs. Fields.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Sam. M. Burdett, Editor.

J. L. Whitehead sells Mobilian Blood Bitter.

—It is expected that 50 to 100 convicts to work on the K. C. will arrive this week.

The place to buy your clothing is at Jack Adams & Son's. They give you good bargains. Jack Adams, Jr., takes special pains to please all purchasers.

—Everybody should come to the speaking here next Thursday. It will be the first appearance of both Thompson and Ewell before a Rockcastle audience.

—Mrs. C. Crooks, of Pine Hill, who has been seriously ill for the last two weeks, is reported to be slightly better this morning. Her friends here have been anxiously hoping for her speedy recovery.

—A fishing party consisting of Dr. W. P. McKee, Sam Thompson, T. T. Wallace, F. L. Thompson and J. H. McKee, who visited "Hanging rock" last week, returned on Saturday with the report that they caught lots of fish.

—Although Messrs. Jack Adams & Son have already purchased a large stock of Fall and Winter clothing, yet they received an additional large stock last week from New York, to which they invite the attention of their customers and the public generally.

—The Baptists held an association at Oak Hill Church in this county, beginning last Friday and closing Sunday. The meeting was largely attended, a number of distinguished visiting ministers were present, and the proceedings were highly interesting.

—Intelligence was received Saturday of the death of Mr. Matt Stewart at his home near Barboursville, in Knox county. He was injured several days ago by being thrown from a wagon. Deceased was a son of Mr. Wm. Stewart, of this county, and was a prominent and highly respected citizen.

—The democrats of Rockcastle ought to begin organizing for the November fight. Although Thompson will win easily in the district, our home democrats ought to make some effort to carry their own country. With proper organization the county will give "Little Phil," a majority. Let all hands go to work at once.

—Another People.—Mr. W. T. Price, of Louisville, late of the *Evening Post*, was here Sunday. Mr. George McClellan Brooks, of Paris, is visiting his mother at this place. Mr. W. H. Spradlin has been appointed resident Engineer on the K. C., from Clear Creek to the Junction, and Mr. Ben Turner, of Montgomery county, is his assistant.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, - October 17, 1882

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Passenger train North..... 9:10 A.M.

" South..... 2:00 P.M.

LOCAL NOTICES.

BUY PAINTS by Penny & McAlister.
New stock of Jewelry and Silverware at
Penny & McAlister's.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired
and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

FALL lot of Zeigler's Shoes just received
and for sale at J. H. & S. H. Shanks.

STANDARD Sheet Music, Vocal and Instru-

mental, for 10 cents at Penny & McAlister's.

Large stock of Window Glass, all sizes,
Double thick glass for flower pins. Penny
& McAlister.

Just received a new lot of cloaks for
ladies and children and a fine line of
Doll-muslin. J. H. & S. H. Shanks.

GREAT REDUCTION in sheet music, 50,
75 and \$1 music now sold at 5 cents. Regu-

lar price and on good paper, at McRoberts
& Stagg's.

PICTURES! - I am now ready
for business. Pictures any kind and size
and prices. I make two profits for what
you now get for one at home. All work
guaranteed first-class, or no pay. Twenty
years' experience enables me to say to you
that I will do your first-class work in
any and every branch of my business. For a
reference you can apply to any one in Car-
lisle, Winchester or Lebanon. Frames on
hand cheap as can be sold. Cloudy weather
no hindrance to good results. Come and
see me, get acquainted and learn prices.
J. W. Shaffer, McRoberts building.

PERSONAL.

COL. W. T. KNIGHT is in town.
J. M. PHILLIPS, Esq., is in Louisville.

ANOTHER beauty of pretty College girls
called last night.

MISS IDA SHULER, of Crab Orchard, en-
tered College here yesterday.

MISS LOU BUNWICHINE and Fannie
Powell have gone to Louisville.

MISS SALLIE ENGLEMAN, of Danville,
is with Miss Betsy Pennington.

MR. BOYCE READ, wife and daughter
went to Louisville yesterday.

MISS MARY VARNON has returned
from a pleasant visit to relatives in Fayette.

MISS NANNIE and LIZZIE MONTGOM-
ERY, a pair of Marion County beauties, are
guests of Mrs. K. Montgomery.

MR. TOM GIBSON, a wealthy California
farmer, is the guest of Mr. M. H. Neelin
and other relatives here this week.

MISS NANNIE PERELES, who has been
the guest of her cousin, Miss Adith Pur-
nell, returned to Louisiana yesterday.

CUL. A. D. MILLER, the advance agent
of the New Orleans Minstrels, is here hav-
ing the town beautified with pictures of his
great attractions.

Mrs. J. E. GREENLEAF AND C. D.
PATTER, tellers of the First and 21 National
Banks of Richmond, were here yester-
day, en route to the coal mines.

MR. AND MRS. R. M. SPOONAMORE,
Mrs. Catherine Blackerby, Miss Nanise
Blackerby and Mrs. Chris. Engleman left
for several weeks' visit to Kansas and Mis-
souri, yesterday.

ALL OF Hon. Robt. Blain's children
are at his bedside now, and he seems to
have improved very much since their ar-
rival. They are, besides those in this coun-
try, R. C. Blain, of Grant county, Dr. W. M.
Blain, of Whitey, and Mrs. H. H. Hall, of
Knoxville, Tenn.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Timothy seed cheap at A. Owsley's.

SALT and lime just received at W. H.
Higgins'.

CLOAKS, JACKETS and DUSTER'S at Robt.
S. Lytle's.

The railroad killed a fine mule for J. H.
Shanks yesterday.

The Celebrated Higgs chain and auction
pump for sale at W. T. Green's.

GOOTS in any quantity delivered free
from the grocery house of McAlister &
Bright.

A COMPROMISE having been effected be-
tween us and the merchants of Stanford,
no more hour or meal will be retained at
the mill. McAlister & Sallie.

McROBERTS & STAGG have just received
an elegant new fire proof safe. It is espe-
cially arranged inside for the storage of
their large stock of Jewelry, besides hav-
ing ample room for their books, &c.

Some young rascals hung a sash sign
over the door of the Stanford Female Col-
lege Sunday night. They won't feel so fu-
nny when they are arrested for disorderly
conduct and trespass, as they will be, for
they are known.

ATTENTION HUNTERS! - McRoberts &
Stagg have just received the largest and
most complete stock of breech and muzzle
loading shotguns, Rifles, Game-bags, Shot-
pouches, Powder-flasks, New York Drop
and Chilled Shot and implements for load-
ing and reloading breech-loading guns and
will sell them at bottom prices.

HORSES STOLEN. - The fine mare of Rev.
J. M. Bruce and two horses belonging to
George W. King were stolen from the rack
at the Baptist church, Crab Orchard, Sat-
urday night. They were traced several
miles and a party was in hot pursuit at last
account. It is supposed that the thieves
are convicts that are continually allowed to
escape from the railroad contractors.

THE FURNITURE FAIRY. - The sub-
scribers met Friday night and recommended
S. H. Shanks, M. D. Elmore, T. P. Hill,
J. W. Alcorn, E. Hurlbut and Joe S.
Grimes directors for the proposed establish-
ment and decided to send S. H. Shanks and
W. S. Withers to examine such factories in
Louisville and Cincinnati and get cost of
machinery, &c. The maximum of the
stock was fixed at \$100,000 and the mini-
mum at \$20,000.

No. 1 Steel Pinw for \$12, at W. T.
Green's.

A LARGE VARIETY of cook stoves, heating
stoves and grates just received by A. Owsley.
Low prices.

The New Orleans Minstrels with their
renowned Gold Band will appear at the
Opera House, Stanford, Monday, Oct. 23.

MISS SALLIE HANSON has taken
rooms at the St. Asaph Hotel and is pre-
pared to do all kinds of sewing. She re-
spectfully asks a share in that line of pat-
ronage.

We have received from Landy's gallery
Cincinnati, an excellent cabinet photograph
of Rev. Leo D. Barnes. Those desiring
copies are referred to an advertisement in
another column.

Miss Belle Higgins has the handsomest
and cheapest stock of millinery, consider-
ing the material, that she has ever handled.
The Fall and Winter styles are beautiful.
Call and examine.

TO THE JUNCTION TRADE. - We will run
a delivery wagon every day to the Junction
and deliver goods free. All orders
left with S. L. Midkiff will meet with
prompt attention. McAlister & Bright.

We learn that a big temperance boom
has struck Crab Orchard and that an at-
tempt will be made to vote liquor out of
the town at the November election. That
it will be successful, every man with its
welfare at heart will sincerely hope.

THE NEW R. R. - Mr. E. Zimmerman
writes that he will be here to day (17th) to
meet the railroad committee of the proposed
road from here to Nashville. Those
interested in the road, and every body
should be, are invited to be present. Mr.
Z. is in dead earnest about the road and
guarantees with a little assistance from
the people that it will be built at once.

CLINCH COURT will convene here next
Monday, and not yesterday, as many wit-
nesses and others seemed to think, who
came only to be disappointed. There are
367 cases on the docket, of which 118 are
criminal. Of that number there are seven
murder cases, as follows: Gresham and
Reid for killing Constable Killian; Tate and
McManamy for causing the railroad accident,
whereby five persons were killed; James
Mullins for killing another negro, at the
Crab Orchard circus; Fronan Miner for
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STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, - October 17, 1862

THE OLD RAIL FENCE.

I am told by foreign tourists that, while many of our fences are reflected in those of other lands, the counterpart of the zigzag fence is to be seen in no other country. It is typical of Yankee land.

It is known as the snake or Virginia fence, and as the relic of a lavish era of unlimited forestry. History does not chronicle the name of its inventor, but I have long since learned to cherish a profound respect for the memory of this unknown individual. It is hard for me to imagine in the person of this primitive rail-splitter the picture of an intrepid backwoodsman, and I never follow the course of one of these fences without feeling that its original builder must have seen his work through eyes artistic as well as practical.

The careless abandon of its lines—a repetition of form in which absolute repetition is continually foisted by the capricious convolution of the grain, for there are no two rails made in the same mold—and their gray satiny sheen, their weather-beaten stains of moss and lichen, and the ever-changing play of lights and shadows from their waving weeds and vines, make the old rail fence truly an object of real beauty in our landscape. Often have I lingered in its angles, and a hundred times have I thought of the host of pictures and reminiscences which might fill a book to the glory of a fence corner.

Moreover, this peculiarity of conformation panders to most worthy and blessed shiftnesses happily latent in the bones of almost every farmer; for while the plowshare creeps close along the base of the old stone wall, and the direct course of most other fences offers a free scope for the mower's scythe or the reaper's blade, the outward corners of the zigzag fence dodge beyond its reach, and thus escape. How often, too, are these recesses the convenient storage quarters for the stones and stumps of the field, and as such receive a wide berth from the newly-whetted scythe or cradle.

Thus does the old rail fence bedeck itself abundantly with wreaths and garlands. The refine stone piles clothe themselves in tangles of creeping dewberry, cinquefoil and ground-ivy, and the round leaves of the creeping mallow conspire to hide their nakedness. Tall brambles rise and yield their showy blossoms to the riving bees, or later hang their purple fruit in tempting clusters to the troop of boys in their eager scramble among the rails. There are no black raspberries so large and luscious, no hazel nuts so soft and brown, and no filberts so tantalizing beneath their prickly pods, as those that grow up under the protection of the old rail fence. Here the rich green beds of sweet fern give out their aromatic savor to the wise old simpler, the eager small boy, or even to the squirrel in quest of the nutty kernels among its seed bobs. The dull red blossoms of the glycine tell of sweet tubers beneath the ground, and the bright sunflowers of tall artichokes invite the old-time search among their roots.

Here in these sheltered angles the eddying November winds hurl their flying leaves, and heap the glory of the autumn present upon the matted mold of many autumn past. Later, the whistling gales of winter whirl about its corners. Clouds of drifting snow bedim the evergreens, and drive along the meadow, battling with the army of tall, gaunt mulleins and red-capped sunnies, and at last are whirled along these weather-beaten timbers, where fantastic-peaked Alps arise, and overhanging, glistening cliffs hem in the rambling rails in great blue-shadowed crescents white and dazzling.

Here, too, the icy air shall ring with the shouts of those same voices that are known well by the rural fence through every mouth and season, with their rollicking testimonies of wild-flower parties and squirrel hunts and nutting exploits.—William Hamilton Gibson, in *Hurper's Magazine*.

HASTY JUDGMENT.

Nothing is more unjust than to judge of man by too short an acquaintance, and too slight inspection; for it often happens that in the loose and thoughtless and dissipated there is a secret radical worth, which may shoot out by proper cultivation; that the spark of heaven, though dimmed and obstructed, is yet not extinguished, but may, by the breath of counsel and exhortation, be kindled into a flame. To imagine that every one who is not completely good is irreversibly abandoned, is to suppose that all are capable of the same degree of excellence. It is, indeed, to exact from all that perfection which none can ever attain. And, since the purest virtue is consistent with some vice, and the virtue of the greatest number with almost an equal proportion of contrary qualities, let none too hastily conclude that all goodness is lost, though it may for a time be clouded and overwhelmed, for most minds are the slaves of external circumstances and conform to any hand that undertakes to mold them, roll down any torrent of custom in which they happen to be caught, or bend to any importunity that bears hard against them.—Samuel Johnson.

What is the difference between cotton and wool? Give it up, oh! Well, one is grown down South, and the other is grown on a North Down.

A Mexican bought and used an American plow but as the summer was dry and his crops failed not another plow was ever sold in that locality.

THE UMBRELLA RACKET.

A Hartford (Conn.) man was denouncing newspaper advertising to a crowd of listeners.

"Last week," said he, "I had an umbrella stolen from the vestibule of the church. It was a gift, and, valuing it very highly, I spent double the worth in advertising, but I have not recovered it."

"How did you word the advertisement?" asked a merchant.

"Here it is," said the man, producing a slip out of a newspaper.

The merchant took it and read:

"Lost from the vestibule of the Church last Sunday evening a black silk umbrella. The gentleman who took it will be handsomely rewarded by leaving it at No. —, San Fernando street.

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The merchant then took a clip of paper from his pocket and wrote:

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This duly appeared in the paper, and the following morning the man was astonished when he opened the front door of his residence. On the porch lay at least half a dozen umbrellas of all shades and sizes, that had been thrown in from the sidewalk, while the front yard was literally paved with umbrellas. Many of them had notes attached to them, saying that they had been taken by mistake, and begging the loser to keep the little affair quiet.—*London Saturday Review*.

THE STICHO.

The foremost place in this gallery of fantastic portraits is due to the most popular "genius" in Greece; that one which, together with the Nereids, has the greatest hold upon the imagination of children and old people. The stichio is known and dreaded in all the provinces, and no traveler, halting at night on his journey under a peasant's roof, can fail to hear it talked of. The stichio is a specter, a wandering soul, a vague phantom, sometimes invisible, often seeming the most widely various forms. We shall see presently that ancient mythological creatures have become mingled in this being under the same name and added to its attributes. The characteristics of the stichio are very numerous and various, but he is especially to be regarded as the household "genius." The stichio is good or evil, inoffensive or harmful; every dwelling has its inevitable stichio, and, as there is no possibility of getting rid of it, the great object is to render it as friendly and favorable as possible. With this view, no one who builds a house would omit to slay a lamb over the foundations, letting the blood run into the earth, so that the stichio may drink it and be propitiated. This is an obligatory tribute, and if the ceremony, which is called by the ancient name of "thyrsis" (sacrifice), were omitted, the dwelling would be forever disturbed by a "kako" or bad stichio.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

Every woman, whether she needs to enter a profession or not, should be so trained that she can enter one, or at least perform some small useful service for which society will remunerate her. Every girl should know that she can support herself if she desires to do so. If this were the case, women would have greater independence and freedom in choosing their husbands than they now have, and the knowledge that there is an alternative open to them would cause them to enter married life on a footing of greater equality than is now accorded to them. There would then be fewer of those unhappy marriages into which young women allow themselves to be hurried for fear of failing a burden upon their father or their brothers; fewer of those cases in which a woman says "yes" at the altar when her whole soul means "no."

The London *Liver Stock Journal* gives two methods of starting a balky horse: "First, tire your steed out by remaining perfectly quiet until he starts of his own accord; second, when a horse refuses to draw at all, put him in a cart in a shed and keep him there until he walks out. In one instance the obstinate one was thirty-six hours in the shafts before he gave in."

FISH FARMING.

By attaching a pump, propelled by the wind, to a well, says the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*, you can supply a basin from fifty to seventy-five feet in diameter, and six to eight feet deep, with water sufficient to raise several thousand carp or other fish. The cost of the pond and appurtenances need not exceed \$50. The bottom and sides need to be cemented thoroughly. When the basin is complete, place in it a small quantity of brush or floating weeds. If you intend to raise carp do not place other fish of a predatory character in the pond. The spawning will occur during the spring months, the female laying from 50,000 to 500,000 eggs. The eggs will adhere to whatever they touch, and will soon hatch. The green senn of a partially stagnant pond is fine food for the young fish. Mud in the bottom of the pond is beneficial. The fish will feed readily on kitchen-garden refuse, such as cabbage, leek, lettuce, horseradish or other substances. Water seldom becomes too warm for the fish. During freezing weather they bury themselves in the mud at the bottom of the pond. While in this condition they should not be disturbed. In a pond of given dimensions several thousand fish have usually been taken. If weeds and grass grow profusely about the borders of the pond, so much the better for the fish. In two years' time you can have a constant supply of sport and food, and the advantage of a pond to assist in beautifying your home.

A Mexican bought and used an American plow but as the summer was dry and his crops failed not another plow was ever sold in that locality.

New Orleans Mistrals here October 23rd

THE END OF IMMIGRATION.

The idea is now ingrained in the American mind that the one great desideratum is an increase of population. This idea will survive the circumstances which gave it birth, and then the Americans will awake to a sense of improvidence that is now taking no thought of the morrow. It may be objected that the time is far distant when the population will be too large, and when therefore, the growth of population may threaten the institutions of the country with danger. But is it so? As we have already pointed out, in another eight years the population of the United States will nearly equal the populations of France and the United Kingdom added together; while in another ten years, if the rate of growth is maintained, the population of the United States will probably equal that of Russia, and, unless some great disaster occurs to check the rate of growth, in another fifty years it will have reached an enormous magnitude. Already the population is dense in parts of the older Eastern States. And when it is borne in mind that the system of cultivation tends to exhaust the soil, while, also, as we have said, the desire to increase the population is an overwhelming one in the American mind, it is highly probable that the dangers attendant upon over-population will come sooner than is now anticipated, especially if the competition of other raw-material producing countries should increase very rapidly, and should threaten American supremacy in the European markets. Nor is it only the United States that have to dread this difficulty. European populations are multiplying in confidence that emigration is always available for those who cannot live at home. But what will be the consequences when the United States are closed to the intending emigrant?—*London Saturday Review*.

AN EDITOR.

Editor Watterson, in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, speaks as follows about conducting a newspaper: "Some people estimate the ability of a periodical and the talent of its editor by the quantity of its original matter. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to string out a column of words upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in one weak, wavy, everlasting flood, and the command of his language may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions, and yet his paper may be but a meager and poor concern. Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper is but a small portion of the work. The care, the time employed in selecting, is far more important, and the fact of a good editor is better shown by his selection than anything else; and that, we know, is half the battle. But, we have said, an editor ought to be estimated, his labor understood and appreciated, by the general conduct of his paper—its tone, its uniform, consistent course, aims, manliness, its dignity, and its propriety. To preserve these as they should be preserved is enough to occupy fully the time and attention of any man. If to this be added the general supervision of the details of publication which most editors have to encounter, the wonder is how they find time to write at all."

Never go into a newspaper office to shout the editor. If you do you had better take your coffin along. Many editors have skeletons in their closets, and it is no uncommon thing for "ghosts" to be found about the haunts of printers.

CHAR. DUDLEY WARREN remarks: "Although there are scattered through the land many persons, I am sorry to say, unable to pay for a newspaper, I have never heard of anybody unable to edit one."

AT THE BARBERS.

"Do any of your customers ever fall asleep in the shaving-chair?"

"Oh, dear, yes," replied the barber, flicking off an intrusive morsel of soap-suds. "That often happens in the cold weather, when men appreciate the warmth and comfort of the saloon after coming in from the street. When I see an elderly fat gentleman coming down stairs with a toothpick in his mouth I know I am going to have trouble, so I shave quickly and talk to him all the time, making remarks that call for a reply, and occasionally splashing the suds into his eye or getting the shaving-brush into his mouth. Of course he doesn't like it. But it's the only way to keep him awake. Worry him, sir, worry him all the time. Keep stirring him up. There are men, though, who will go to sleep in spite of me, rolling back in the chair and drawing the skin of the throat so tight that it's almost a temptation to cut into it. They shut their eyes at once, and only grant when I ask if Guitone has got a new trial, or ent a mate to him. I've been having some trouble with my eyes lately, and I'm afraid I'll go blind if I don't get a good doctor to look at them. I'm afraid I'll go blind if I don't get a good doctor to look at them."

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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NEWSPAPER ROUTINE.

It is hard to tell, from this distance, whether you are fitted for the hard life of a newspaper writer or not. This is the only question to be decided, for qualification is quite immaterial. You must be prepared to rise from your bed as early as 10 a. m., in order that you may have finished reading your private mail by noon. Lunch is always paid for by the office, but you have got to ascend yourself to but five courses and to only two kinds of wine—some port wine stand three, including champagne, but they are the exception rather than the rule. At 2 p. m. you are expected to read the morning papers, and if you are not too much exhausted by the effort you can have a game of billiards for no well-regulated newspaper office is without a well-appointed billiard room.

There was King Edmund, who, while feasting with all his nobles about him, was attacked by a noted robber of the day and slain to the heart. Without pausing to inquire what the nobles were about to permit this murder, we will proceed to King Edred. Edred was homicide into dissoluteness by a favorite, St. Dunstan, an ambitious priest, who was permitted to ruin the governmental machine pretty much as he pleased. Edwy, the successor of Edred, inherited the partnership of Brother St. Dunstan, but, choosing to marry against St. Dunstan's will, he incurred the violent displeasure of the man of God, who through the instrumentality of Odo, then Archbishop of Canterbury, caused the Queen's face to be burned with hot irons, and then carried her away to Ireland, and finally killed her, the shock breaking poor King Edwy's heart.

The next King, Edgar, reigned for seventeen years, and, strange to say, had no trouble at all, and finally died an ordinary, every-day sort of death, at his residence, No. so and so, such a street, Edgar, King of England, aged 37 years, 11 months and 18 days. Friends of the family invited to attend. The next to assume the crown was Edward, who, a very short time thereafter, was stabbed in the back by a henchman of his mother, Elfrida, whose son, Ethelred, then succeeded to the throne. King Edmund was murdered by one of his nobles; King Harold died from the effects of a shot in the eye; William of Normandy got a bruise that led to a wretched death; William II, was shot with an arrow and killed; and so went the good Kings and Queens being killed by the bad people, while the bad sovereigns were put out of the way by the good people.

THE OLD RAIL FENCE.

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But what will be the consequences when the United States are closed to the intending emigrant?—*London Saturday Review*.

CROWNED HEADS.

The *Old State of Many Kings Rules*. From the Cincinnati *Saturday Night*. Did you ever stop, gentle reader, in your evenly-balanced and uncheckered career as a peaceful freeman of our glorious Union, to consider how fortunate it is for you to have finished reading your private mail by noon. Lunch is always paid for by the office, but you have got to ascend yourself to but five courses and to only two kinds of wine—some port wine stand three, including champagne, but they are the exception rather than the rule. At 2 p. m. you are expected to read the morning papers, and if you are not too much exhausted by the effort you can have a game of billiards for no well-regulated newspaper office is without a well-appointed billiard room.